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# The Raven

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'You fight to protect a broken world, to keep a status quo of suffering and misery; and yet you think yourself a hero? '

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## The Raven



### General Information

Full Name	Cyrus Gul
Race	Half-Elf
Gender	♂ Male
Alias	The Raven
Title/s	Captain of the Raven Company
Birthdate	17th Imbolc 1282

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## Background

Officially, little is known about the enigmatic captain of The Raven Company, not even his name. Only that the eponymous man formed the band of mercenaries in 1297 AR, and that he and his conspiracy of killers were first sighting slaughtering the few remaining pockets of Scoia'tael resistance.

There were few witnesses who managed to spectate these executions, fewer still willing to speak of what they saw. The few brave souls describe a man with a smooth and icy voice which dripped down the ear like poisoned honey, shouting commands as he stepped over bolt ridden bodies without a second glance. He took a cold satisfaction in having the few survivors of his attack dragged up, inspecting each and everyone of them before having them hanged from a decrepit and leafless tree. The branches groaned and cracked as he demanded that his quarry be hung one by one, forcing every elf, dwarf, and halfling to watch in horror as they slowly awaited their turn, the swaying bodies of their friends and comrades inviting them to death like wind chimes outside one's childhood home.


Since then The Raven has been sighted in royal courts and noble manors from the City of Golden Towers in the Nilfgaardian Empire, all the way up to Pont Vanis in the Kingdom of Kovir and Poviss. Welcomed with open doors and heavy coin purses, he has integrated himself into high society, with rumors abound that perhaps he is nobility himself. This is no doubt a rumor spread purposely by the company to ease in courting nobles with more principal than lowering themselves to speak with sell swords.

Of course there is another tale whispered by men with slit throats, a trail of murders and coverups that leave a bloody trail, all pooling in the Kingdom of Cintra. The tales speak of a half-elf, though his ancestry was no romantic tale like that of Cregennan of Lod and Lara Dorren. Instead ghosts speak of a ragged, starved and desperate band of Scoia'tael, who had set their sights on a passing Oferi caravan, with loot of decorated weapons, precious jewels and clothes, vases, carpets, and spices. Capital enough to keep their band of outlaws fed and equipped for many years to come.

The nonhumans attacked under the color of nightfall, savagely murdering humans who had little knowledge of the prejudice they suffered in the area. This band of Scoia'tael took everything the could carry, though unknowingly left something behind inside a merchant's daughter.

The few survivors of the caravan attack deemed the baby cursed before it was born, perhaps that belief manifested itself when Cyrus was born. The child barely weighed anything, with pallid flesh turning blue and dark veins most thought it dead before it opened it's mouth and let forth a pathetic cry as it was solemnly welcomed into a cruel and unforgiving world.

No one thought that Cyrus would survive his first week, and found themselves dumbfounded when the symptoms of his cursed birth began to mitigate. His skin cleared, and while he suffered from a few fits of violent coughing he seemed perfectly healthy.

Birthplace	 Kingdom of Cintra
Hair Colour	Pitch Black
Eye Colour	Dark Violet
Height	5'10
Weight	160lbs
Profession	Mercenary Captain
Moral Alignment	Lawful Evil
MBTI Type	ENTJ - Field Marshal
Affiliation/s	The Raven Company
Family	
Parents	Nadia Gul - Mother (deceased) Blath a'Blaeth - Father
Partner/s	N/A
Siblings	N/A
Children	N/A
Other/s	N/A

Healthy enough to laugh and play with the other children, though the other children wanting nothing to do with him, born cursed with half his blood belonging to a nonhuman monster. The others shunned him, were disgusted by him, leaving him alone to his own devices alongside his mother, who the rest of the Ofieri caravanserais looked on with distaste and contempt after her defilement.

The boy who would one day grow to become The Raven found himself alone, antagonized by the northerners who towns and villages his caravan passed by, by his own people, and by the few elves he managed to meet. He withdrew from society. His mother had taught him to read, and he found solace only in stories of great generals and inspiring heroes. He dreamed to one day be like them, to lead men who saw him as their beloved general into battle. To one day hoisted up on the shoulders of his grateful people, to not only be accepted, but loved.

Fate had a different plan for him, as one bleak winter day the symptoms of his affliction began to manifest again at the same time his mother took ill with a fever. Believing his curse to have returned and begin spreading, the caravan abandoned them both to die. His mother died that night in his arms. Knowing that she could've been saved, a rage and resentment took hold in his heart. Caring little about his own ailing health, he tracked down the caravan and waited for dark. Then, silently and methodically he made his way to each tent and slit the throat of the men and women he had known all his life one by one. Afterwards he collected all the wealth the caravan had acquired along its travels.

Now believing the common people to be disgusting and unable to think for themselves, Cyrus vowed never to have to be at the mercy of a weak minded mob again, to instead control his life and dominate those who were undeserving of freedom. To live for himself, to ever defy, and with that he declared war on the world. He used the stolen capital of his first victims to form a cabal of like minded individuals, and in some twisted way his childhood aspirations came to fruition; The Raven Company was born.

## Personality and Behavior

Charismatic, well spoken, simple to hire. To the company's clients, The Raven is always a welcomed sight. A gentleman by all accounts, well mannered and a practitioner of the finest etiquette. More than capable of holding the attention at parties and noble socials with rapturous tales of history, poetry and the arts. The captain is often described as a joy to be in the company of, easily debating philosophy with the best scholars Oxenfurt can offer, and quite handily beating anyone in chess that was fool enough to challenge him.

Hiring his company is always easy, provided one has the coin. No questions, no loose ends. It's well known that most sell swords are little more than bandits who run at the first sight of shifting in the momentum of battle. But The Raven has never backed down from a contract, and never failed in one's completion either. It's become a well known truth among the rich that when they need results, to call for the ravens. Of course, a man like that is not one to be crossed. Those that try to cheat him, and those who are unfortunate enough to become his targets know another side to the man.

Cold, efficient and brutal. The Raven holds results above all else. The only time he raises his voice is to shout commands. When he speaks, he expects silence. When he gives orders, he demands obedience. Failure is not tolerated, survivors are not tolerated, and treason? No one has ever turned their back on The Raven Company and gotten away with it. No one.

His mind is sharper than any sword, and his mastery over battlefield tactics has few equals. If he desired it he could easily find service with any monarch of his choosing. But Cyrus' loyalty lie only with himself. Men in his company are chosen for advancement only by merit

and loyalty, he believes that the concept that there is somehow something separating nobles from peasants, is laughable. In his mind all classes and even races are the same, scum to be scraped off the bottom of his boot. People are naturally foolish, narrow minded, and weak. Those that break the mold are exceptions. He intends to collect those few who are better than their peers into The Raven Company, the rest? They can burn.

However there is a deeper secret to the man. Many have noted that occasionally The Raven will have a fit of violent coughing, or conspicuously be absent for an event. Most think nothing of it, as he is quick to hide the blood he coughs up in a dark purple handkerchief, and mindful to come up with a reasonable excuse and send a member of company's upper echelon in his stead. The truth of the matter is that he's dying, and as his condition worsens, so to does his mind begin to warp and fail him.

## Occupation

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The Raven is, as mentioned, the captain of The Raven Company. He commands this elite group of special forces with deadly skill and precision. His duties go from acquiring new contracts to drafting battle plans in the war tent over a map, and then carrying out those tactics himself on the field.

## Religious Beliefs

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The Raven has no master. He believes religion is just another method for the powerful to control the weak. But he cares not for it as he has no use for weak soldiers.

## Likes and Dislikes

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Power, in every form all The Raven desires. After suffering a childhood of being kicked around he demands control over his environment. He indulges in wealth, often drinking fine wines, clothing himself in expensive silks, and buying the best medication possible to slow down his disease. Besides that he enjoys efficiency, appreciates punctuality, and loves nothing more than an operations going as planned.

He dislikes the uneducated, whether that be their own fault or not. Peasants who never had a chance are looked down upon equally as those who chose to remain ignorant. He despises Witchers for being blessed with superhuman abilities and doing nothing more than killing pests with them. There is not a night that passes where The Raven does not think about what he could accomplish had he their mutation.

## Strengths and Weaknesses

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All of The Raven's strengths lie in his intelligent and ability to lead men. There are few who can match him on a strategic or tactical level, whether that be on the chessboard or the battlefield. Speechcraft comes easily to him, and he is adept at maneuvering in business and social events.

The Raven's main weakness lies in his affliction. No one is quite sure what it is, but it's slowly killing him. He finds himself feeling constantly exhausted and weak. He loses his breath easily and often has violent coughing fits that usually expel blood from his lungs. Sometimes the symptoms he suffers from rear their ugly head harder, and he can fall to a seizure and fever, finding himself bedridden for several days. Even with the best treatments money can buy the company apothecary estimates he has five years left at best.

## Ambitions

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Outwardly The Raven seeks to continue growing his company in size, power, and influence. All of this is for the sake of fulfilling his dream. Of bending the world to his will and bringing about a world of true freedom, where people have free will divorced from morals, ethics, Gods and even their own biology. This is true of course, as he's dedicated everything to his organization. Secretly however, he seeks to find some way to extend his life and cure himself of his affliction by any means necessary. As his condition worsens he grows more paranoid and fearful, not of death but of dying before he can see his dream through. And this births an even darker ambition, one born of a righteous defiance. The Raven has vowed to leave a scar so deep in the world that he will be remembered for all eternity. All just to prove that he, a dying crippled man, existed and that one man can in fact leave a mark on a vast uncaring universe.

## Bonds

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### Family

### Allies

Talliah - The Raven Company sorceress, the first of the Conspiracy, and the only member in the entire company to have known the enigmatic captain from before he dawned the skull and hid his face from the world. She saved his life during a boy's first mission gone awry, and ever since the Raven has trusted her as his close second. She appears to have a protective, almost maternal affection for him. It is without a doubt that without her intervention, the Raven would not be the man he is today. And although grateful for all she has done, the Raven has never been known to ever orate such feelings out loud. And if she'd ever disobey a command or fail him, he'd yank the leash as hard as he would for anyone else.

Mahir -

### Enemies

## Appearance

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Few have ever seen The Raven's face under his mask. Most only know him as an ominously clad man of average height. his build cannot be discerned from over his armor, as the black and purple cloth of his cloak hides much of him, including his weapons.

If one manages to catch a glimpse under the helm however, they'll find a surprising young man. Despite only having lived a score, he has dark circles under his violet eyes and his medium length hair is shifted back in a mature and practical hairstyle, the olive skin of his face framed with a neat trimmed beard. He'd have been handsome if his affliction were not slowly taking him, his cheeks shallow and gaunt, and the veins of his body clear against his skin.

## Abilities

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This is used to describe your character's ability in several categories.

- Strength - 2
- Stamina - 1
- Speed - 2
- Agility - 2
- Reflexes - 2
- Intelligence - 9.5
- Tactics and Strategy - 9
- Languages - 8
- Marksmanship - 7
- Public Speaking - 9
- Business Sense - 8

- [Command](#) - 9

## Equipment

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### Sword Cane

like many noblemen The Raven carries around a beautifully carved walking cane. However unlike most nobles, he is actually forced to rely on it when the symptoms of his affliction begin to add up. Though he never intends to get into a close quarter fight, as a final precaution his cane has a nasty surprise. A long, thin poisoned blade.

### Crossbow

Despite his affliction The Raven refuses to sit battles out and force the company to fight without him. On the battlefield he is a dangerous marksman. Felling key targets with precisely placed bolts. Enemy captains beware.

### Armor

A captain is the most important individual in a company, and as such The Raven dresses himself in heavy armor. Plate over chain over padding, his raiment is equivalent to that of a knight's armor. While not easy to run and fight in, he doesn't plan to. Firing bolts, and giving commands are all that he is needed for. If he needs to get somewhere quickly, a horse will do.

## Tales, Fables, Stories and Legends

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### The Story So Far

- [A Night To Remember](#)

### Side Stories

- [Swansong for a Raven](#)

### Witcher Contracts

### Idle Tales

### Categories

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